CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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ORIGINAL SERMON.

By T. J. Sawyer.

Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. Isaiah xxvi, 4.

The necessity of some being higher than man in whom to trust is demonstrated to our own conviction by almost every day's experience. There is an imbecility in an arm of flesh which cannot but be felt. There is a weakness in human wisdom that cannot but be acknowledged. There is a shortness in human foresight that cannot but be realized. How many of our most ordinary plans fail! Those apparently best devised often prove abortive. Our boasted wisdom turns to folly—our foresight has not anticipated the evil—our strength is weakness. Our purpose most cautiously formed and forwarded by our utmost exertions for its accomplishment too often perishes in its blossom. The wisdom that formed this purpose is too trifling in the first place to insure success. But granting that sufficient, some unforeseen circumstance which no human power can resist, may in an unfortunate moment dash our purpose and all our hopes connected with it to the dust.

In ourselves there is not the *power* to warrant very high anticipations. We may possess the will but that will we cannot always perform. Some casualty may change our will however good—another may remove the ability while the will remains. If we look around us we shall find the same imbecility pervading our race. One may surpass another—but all are distinguished by weakness. We cannot trust in ourselves—we cannot for the same reason trust in our fellows. Hence the folly and wickedness of giving an implicit confidence to any of the human race—of giving ourselves up unreservedly to their contro' and guidance—of relying implicitly upon them for shelter and security from every danger. The wickedness of such misplaced confidence was the ground of the curse proclaimed by the prophet Jeremiah. Thus saith the Lord, "cursed be the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord, for he shall be like the heath in the desert and shall not see when good cometh: but shall inherit the parched places in the wilderness in a salt land and not inhabited." This imagery borrowed from scenes with which the children of Israel were familiar, is particularly beautiful and striking. The unhappy man who had cast aside his confidence in the *Almighty*, and who had put his trust in *man* and made flesh his arm, was to be like a heath in the desert. Surrounded by dreariness and desolation there was no object upon which he might look with pleasure. A wilderness was about him. He could not see when good came. There was no thread to lead out of the labyrinth. The wisdom in which he had confided had failed—the power to which he had looked for security had been broken. Man as weak and shortsighted as himself was unworthy the trust he had unwisely reposed in him. There was no prospect of a happier result. Another chance might involve him still deeper in gloom. Another misfortune might hurl him to despair. There was no security. He was a heath in the desert exposed to every blast undefended, and to every storm unsheltered. He was inhabiting parched places in the wilderness unproductive of the fruits of peace and happiness for which he toiled. If now and then a flower would spring up, the idol of his fond and confiding heart, it would wither beneath the sun and fade away, leaving him only to sigh over his loss without a hope that it should ever again expand its leaves or regain its former flush and fragrance. He felt that in man there was no power and no wisdom to bring good out of evil, or convert misfortune into a blessing---no power to awake a song in the midst of sorrow---no power to call up joy in a heart thronged with griefs---no power to set the rainbow of hope on the cloud of adversity. The arm of flesh in which he trusted withered and shrunk into weakness. The man to whom he looked for security perished before him.

How kind the command, how comforting the invitation in the midst of the casualties and misfortunes of human life, presented us in our text, "Trust ye in the *Lord*." "Trust ye in the Lord *forever*: for in the Lord Jehovah is *everlasting strength*." In him there are no changes, "neither variableness nor shadow of turning." He is "the same yesterday, and to-day and forever." All things else may be mutable but he is immutable. "All flesh is grass and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord endureth forever." His throne is fixed. To him we can say "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth and the heavens are the works of thy hands. They shall perish but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up and they shall be changed, but thou art the same and thy years shall not fail."

With what confidence can we then trust in the Lord. Beyond the reach and the influence of time he exists eternally. The reason assigned in our text why we should thus trust in the Lord forever, is, that in the Lord Jehovah is *everlasting strength*, a strength which never falters nor fails—a strength which operates undiminished through all time—through all eternity.

It may seem singular to some that such a reason should be presented as an inducement to us to repose our confidence in the Lord. Although power be a necessary requisite in one to merit our trust, it would seem that it is not the only requisite. We feel a want of assurance of the wisdom and benevolence of the being thus claiming our highest confidence. Power may indeed render him a most desirable friend, if he be possessed of other attractive attributes---it may also render him with unfavorable dispositions a most fearful enemy. In our text it is not said that the Lord either possesses sufficient wisdom nor sufficient benevolence to claim or justify our confidence in him. But nothing can be more evident than that he possesses both. Indeed without them, it would be in vain to exhort or command us to trust in the Lord. It would be impossible to persuade men to trust in the lion because he had strength that might secure him from every outward danger, while one could not but feel that this very power was of all things most to be dreaded. Nor could we easily induce one to place his confidence in the living volcano merely because it possessed power to shake the earth to its centre. No, the power must be friendly—must be accompanied by such other attributes as will render it worthy of our confidence. Who at any solicitation would trust himself to a most deadly foe? Who would give himself up to an implacable enemy?

Either then the Deity is deserving of our confidence or mocks us when he says "Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." Who dares say he is not deserving? Who dares insinuate that he sports with our happiness?

The Scriptures so frequently, so constantly represent God as infinitely good—as good unto *all*, that it is and must always be taken for granted. It is not a point which, if we believe the Scriptures, we are left to question. How often is it said that his mercy endureth forever. And by Jesus Christ himself he is declared to be the only *good*. 'There is none *good* but one—that is God.' There is none save God, constantly, universally, infinitely good.

When invited therefore to trust in the Lord forever, it is on the supposition that he is benevolent. Otherwise such an invitation is not only *useless*, since it must be impossible to comply if we know him, but also an instance of the most reckless and wicked trifling with human happiness. What! ask us to trust in a monster of cruelty, or even a being destitute of goodness, merely because he possesses power—a power too which is as likely to destroy as to save—to ruin as to restore! Ask us to trust in the whirlwind! It may bear us safe on its wings up to the clouds—it may also, and far more likely, dash us to the ground. Ask us to place our confidence in the ocean lashed into a rage by the resistless storm! It may bear us quicker to our destined haven, but far more likely it will consign us in death to its calmer bottom.

No, the very fact that we are called by himself to trust in the Lord, is proof that he is worthy of that trust. The Lord is a father, and he desires the confidence and of course the affection of his children. He does not demand it that he may become our friend, the very reverse—it is because he is our friend already. We are the objects of his care and tenderness. We ever have been, and yet we distrust the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength. Were he our enemy, he would not claim our confidence, nor ask our love. It is because he is our friend and loves us and does us good that he makes this demand on our hearts. That happiness is the result of such confidence in God as the text requires seems exceedingly obvious. The Deity is infinitely, benevolent and all-wise. In him it is said is everlasting strength. With such a friend in whom to trust, what could we fear? In time and eternity he is the same, unchangeably good, possessed of everlasting power. We feel that we are in the hands of a father greater than all, and that no one "is able to pluck us out of our father's hand."

The language of Hezekiah to his people, when the king of Assyria came up to war against Jerusalem, is a striking illustration of the comfort and happiness such a confidence in God imparts. "Be strong and courageous, said he, be not afraid nor dismayed for the king of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him, for there is more with us, than with him. With him is an arm of flesh, but with us is the Lord our God, to help us and to fight our battles. And the people rested themselves upon the word of Hezekiah." There was truth in what he had spoken, they felt that the Lord Jehovah was indeed their

help. They trusted in the Lord who is everlasting strength and rested secure.

Jeremiah in connexion with the curse which he pronounced against those trusting in man, to which I have before referred, says:—"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is, for he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when the heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green, and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

Who in the midst of summer and a season of drought when earth's beautiful covering was withering and dying away, and the foliage of the forest was turning sear and all was becoming desolate, who has not gazed upon and admired a tree planted by the waters, fresh and green and gay as in the time of flowers. Her roots spread out by the river. The burning rays of the summer sun that scorch and wither like the blast of a furnace, every thing else, fall harmless upon her. Her leaf is green. She sees not when the heat cometh, she heedeth not the year of drought. Her fruits ripen and fall in their accustomed season. Such is the man who trusteth in the Lord. He is a tree planted by the waters. When others are fainting and dying under sorrows, he has a river of life passing by him, from which as an exhaustless fountain, he draws that consolation which he needs. In seasons of temptation and trial, so beautifully represented in the simile by heat and drought, he stands unendangered. He knows that in the Lord Jehovah, is everlasting strength. In him he trusts. Misfortunes may assail him—storms of adversity may arise, but he is unmoved. His trust is not in an arm of flesh. His cistern is not that broken cistern that can hold no water, but within him he feels, by the good providence of God, he has a well of water springing up unto everlasting life.

I have before hinted that the unlimited goodness of God is so generally asserted, and by such a variety of expression, that its repetition is sometimes omitted, when it must necessarily be understood. Our text I regard as an instance in point. "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." Power here only is mentioned, and yet it is obvious to every one that *blind power*, or power directed and guarded by cruelty so far from meriting confidence, would become an object of terror and alarm. The more power a being should possess, under whose control we chance to fall, who was utterly reckless and indifferent relative to our happiness, or who should sport himself with our misery, the more dangerous would he become—the less would he merit our confidence.

We are not permitted to question for a single moment the disposition of God to do us good. So many have been his proofs of affection, that it should seem no heart could distrust. But ungrateful indeed, is man, abundantly justifying the complaint; "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." And, again, "I have loved you saith the Lord: yet ye say, wherein hast thou loved us?" After all the displays of divine compassion, after the most indubitable proofs of an undying love for mankind, multitudes yet say "wherein has thou loved us?"

Let us, my brethren, not be so unreasonable. Let us trust in the Lord. While some trust in horses, and some in chariots—let us trust in Jehovah in whom is everlasting strength. This confidence is inseparable from love. If we do not love him sincerely, it is folly to talk of trusting in him. If we do, we can hardly act otherwise than trust implicitly in him. In ourselves we can feel *little* or *no* confidence. We cannot rely on an arm of flesh. We know its weakness. We know that all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof, as the flower of the field. Shall we, can we trust in so frail a thing as a flower? As well trust to the sighing of the breeze. Remember that much of our present happiness depends on our conduct in this simple affair. If we trust in God, we have one pure spring of joy—one unimbittered fountain of consolation, which the world can neither give nor take away. In our little hour of sorrow, we can go to the Lord. In our seasons of danger, we can apply for aid to him.

Finally, let us be careful to remember that this confidence in God, must, if it be genuine, necessarily make us better—more attentive to duty—more prayerful, more devoted—more spiritually minded.

Original.

TO A TRINITARIAN.—NO. 2.

In my last I have shewn that the 6th verse of the xxiii chapter of Jeremiah cannot be brought in proof of the doctrine of a trinity of persons in the Godhead: because, as the English translation reads, it goes to prove a plurality of Gods, and not a plurality in unity, and also, because, allowing your reading to be correct, not only is the Messiah a God, but Jerusalem is also a God; as the same language is used of Jerusalem, Jer. xxxiii, 16, as is used of the Messiah, Jer. xxiii, 6; if one is God, on account of being called "THE LORD," so is the other a God, being also called "THE LORD;" and this would give *you*, at least, four Gods: one God too many for you, or your doctrine of a trinity, and three more than I need or know—three more than my progenitors ever feared.

I therefore am led to suspect there is somewhere a mistake in our English translation; and as we both are searchers after truth, let us go hand in hand to discover, if possible, where the error lies; you are an Hebraist, please then to open your Hebrew copy, as I do mine, Jer. xxiii, 6. Here I find the words ASHER, YEKREOW, the English of which is, that *he shall call him*. These two words are in conjunction, joined together with a MAKEF, or hyphen, and the next words are JEHOVAH TSIDKENU, the English of which is, *The Lord our righteousness*, and these two words are divided by a PESIK, a disjunctive or a division: shewing us that these two words must be taken apart; the first goes to the former part of the sentence, and the second must be read by itself.

In consequence of the above criticism, we must per force consider JEHOVAH as the noun which is wanting in the former part of the sentence, in agreement with the verb *call*, and the relative *he*, and the translation will be, *which he, Jehovah will call him*, our righteousness, and the whole verse will read thus: "In his days Judah will be saved and Israel will dwell in safety, and this is the name which Jehovah will call him, *our righteousness*.

According to this translation, and it is certainly the correct rendering of the original, the name of the Messiah is not to be THE LORD, but only *our righteousness*, and therefore your whole argument as founded on the name, falls entirely to the ground. And in Jeremiah xxxiii, 16, the same mesoretic accents, also, obtain. The words, ASHER—YEKRO—LO, the English of which is, *which he shall call her*, is joined together with makefs or hyphens, shewing that they are conjunctive; and the word following JEHOVAH and TSIDKENU the English of which is, *the Lord our righteousness* are made disjunctive by having a pesik between them; consequently the rendering must be "And this is what THE LORD shall call her, *our righteousness*." So that neither Jerusalem nor Messiah are called by the name "THE LORD," and your argument, founded on the contrary supposition, is entirely obviated: neither Jerusalem nor Messiah is God.

Ere I proceed farther, we will consider who is the speaker, Jeremiah xxiii, 5, 6. You say "THE LORD speaks." I beg to dissent, and say Jeremiah the Prophet speaks: the prophet writes to us what the Lord said, and grammatically speaking THE LORD is in the third person, and the prophet is the speaker or first person, and the word YEKREOW *will call him* is third person singular, in agreement with its noun THE LORD.

The same mistake you are under when you speak of the text in Zachariah, "Sing and rejoice" &c. Zach. ii, 10. You make THE LORD the speaker. Excuse me sir, your premises are incorrect. THE LORD is the person spoken of. The prophet writes to us, what he heard one angel say to another angel, to tell the youth—the prophet. Please to read from verse 7 Chap. ii, Hebrew copy, or ver. 3d of the English Bible; (as the division of the chapter is different in the two,) "And behold the angel that talked with me went forth, and another angel went out to meet him, and said unto him, speak to this young man, saying," &c. and all which follows, through the whole of the vision, even to the end of the chapter, including the verse "sing and rejoice," &c. you will find is represented as one angel speaking to another angel; so that the LORD is the third person, and not the first, as you incorrectly premise, and consequently your conclusion, that one LORD promises to send another LORD, is also wrong, being founded on erroneous premises; it is true the angel sometimes introduces the LORD as speaker, but of this he gives us due notice.

Thus, the angel is the speaker. "Ho! Zion, deliver thyself that dwellest with the daughter of Babylon:—For thus has THE LORD of Hosts said. After the glory has he sent *me* (the angel) to the Gentiles who plunder *you* (the Jews:) for who touches *you* (Jews) touches the apple of *his* (the Lord's) eye:—For behold *I* (the angel) will shake my hand over *them* (the Gentiles) and *they* (the Gentiles) shall become a spoil to their servants; and *ye* (Jews) shall know that THE LORD of Hosts hath sent *me* (the angel). Sing thou, and rejoice thou, *daughter of Zion*: (Jewish nation) for, behold *I* (THE LORD) will come, and *I* (THE LORD) will dwell in the midst of thee, saith THE LORD. And many nations shall join themselves to THE LORD in that day; and *they* (the Gentiles) shall become a people unto *me* (the angel;) and *I* (the angel) will dwell in the midst of thee (the nation of the Jews) and thou (the Jewish nation) shall know that THE LORD hath sent *me* (the angel) unto *thee*, (the Jews.)

By the above you will perceive there is not two persons in our text, called *Lord*—that the LORD sends the angel of his presence, and does not send the LORD as you purpose us to read.

But, my friend, "A Trinitarian," are we to expect that the language of Vision, the language of Dreams is so very plain and easy to be understood, that we may, from the representation thereof, by any prophet, build thereon doctrines opposed to the direct and plain word of God, and contradictory to the express command? I should think we should always bear in mind Numbers xii. ver. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, "and the LORD came down, in a pillar of cloud, and stood in the door of the tabernacle, and called AARON AND MERIAM, and they both came forth. And he said; hear my words! If there be a prophet among you, I the LORD will make myself known to him in a *vision*, and will speak to him in a *dream*. My servant Moses is not so, he is faithful in all my house. I do speak to him mouth to mouth, *apparently* and not in *dark speeches*, and the *perfections* of the LORD shall he behold: wherefore then were you not afraid to speak against my servant MOSES."

What was the matter in dispute between Moses on the one part, and Aaron and Meriam on the other? Moses had taken a women from Cush, not of the daughters of Israel, to wife, or he had left such a one, Aaron and Meriam com-

plained of him as acting contrary to command, and plead that they were also prophets, that the *Lord* had appeared to them also, *they were also inspired*, and therefore they were good judges of doctrine; and they pronounced his proceeding, in the case in dispute, unlawful. The *Lord* decides against them, and informs that no inspiration, of any prophet, is sufficient to build thereon doctrine contrary to the doctrine established by the inspiration of Moses; his inspiration being direct, plain and perfect; but the inspiration of any other prophet was, and would be only, the language of *vision*, the representation of a *dream*, *dark speeches*, from which no doctrines could be adduced to controvert the doctrines established by the inspiration of Moses; who is pronounced "faithful in all my house."

If Moses, then, has inculcated the perfect unity of the Godhead, without any association, and which is very apparent from his law, no language of any, or of all the prophets, can be sufficient to found thereon doctrines contrary to the doctrine of the unity as taught by Moses.

My brother, "A Trinitarian" must be aware that we both write by permission, and will therefore excuse my reserving what I have further to say on the subject, for another letter. S. B. T.

Original.

Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. Mark xvi, 15.

This commission is claimed as the authority under which clergymen now teach theology. The priest comes before his audience, proclaims himself as the authorized agent of Almighty God, tells them that God has given him a special call, and commissioned, and sent him to preach the gospel. And if he condescends to offer any evidence in support of his exclusive prerogative, the words at the head of this article are quoted with the utmost confidence, and the man who after this would dare to doubt his claim to a divine right to sound the trumpet in Zion, would entitle himself to the unenviable distinction of being denounced as an incorrigible and wicked heretic. Yet it is a truth that the writer of this article can discover no means of invalidating the position, that no man at present, has any exclusive prerogative, under this commission, to discharge any of the functions of a minister of Christ.

The train of thought that gave origin to these reflections was induced by some remarks in the controversy between brethren A. C. T. and T. J. S. in the Messenger Vol. I, page 326---49---89, touching the Eucharist. Br. A. C. T. if my recollection serves me correctly, maintains that the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, was confined to the period which terminated with the abolition of the old and the full establishment of the new dispensation, and therefore it is not to be performed as a christian ordinance, nor are christians under any obligation to conform to it.

Br. S. urges as an objection to this opinion, that the limitation of the Sacrament to the apostolic age, will operate as well on preaching the gospel as on the administration of that rite---that if we have no command for the one, neither have we for the other, therefore we are no longer God's messengers in proclaiming the truths of our religion. This objection, as I understand it, is designed to argue thus:---ministers of the gospel are still commissioned to preach---the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is yet in full force and applies as well to clergymen now, as to the apostles when it was given, and therefore we are required to perpetuate the Eucharist, for the observance of the one is enjoined as much as the performance of the other is commanded.

Br. T. denies the correctness of this conclusion and points out several particulars in which there is a manifest difference between the Sacrament and preaching.

Br. S.'s reasonings here are doubtless correct, for the coming of Christ alluded to 1 Cor. xi, 26, "Ye do show forth the Lord's death until he come," and the "end of the world," Matt. xxviii, 20, refer unquestionably to the same period. If therefore the one of these institutions has ceased, so has the other. That the last supper is no longer binding as a christian ordinance Br. T. has, I think, succeeded in demonstrating to a clear certainty. That the commission of the apostles to go into all the world and preach the gospel, was never designed by Christ to be transmitted to future generations, is in my opinion equally susceptible of proof.

But it will be urged, is there no command for us now to go and preach? Do not we preach "by authority?" No. We do not. We have no commission to preach, any more than a lecturer on the principles of rhetoric, or logic, or English grammer has a commission to expound and exemplify those sciences. A teacher of those branches of literature has a right to impart his scientific knowledge to any body who wishes to possess it. So has a teacher of religion a right to put those, who may want it, in possession of his theological knowledge. But a priest has now no divine authority for expounding and defending his faith, nor for claiming the sole perrogative of becoming a teacher of religion, nor for arrogating the power of saying who may, or who may not, proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to the world's far ends, nor for assuming the prerogative of prescribing the qualifications requisite to entitle another to the priviledge of telling the world that God is good to all.

A brief reference to the injunction of the Savior to the apostles, will render these positions sufficiently apparent. The verse preceding this injunction will explain the extent of its application---"Afterwards he appeared to the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them that had seen him after he was risen. And he said unto *them*, Go *ye*," &c. Now mark, Christ did not say, Go ye and all your successors to the end of time; but go ye---you eleven. Here the commission concludes; this is its boundary; it extends no further. It was their duty to preach, but under this commission it never was the duty of any other persons whatever, and when they ceased to exist, this commission ceased also; it died with them. Can this conclusion be controverted? I think not. I will illustrate. The President of the United States commissions a number of persons to go to England and proffer the court of St. James the possession of certain privileges and immunities. The parties go, proceed to the discharge of their duties, and while engaged in them, they all die. Now would it not appear strange should another race of Ambassadors, spring up in England, claiming to be the lineal successors of those persons, the sole heirs of their authority, and the only persons legally empowered to discharge their duties? And should they urge that they had a right to associate with themselves just such persons as they pleased to aid in the performance of them, and bring forward the original commission in support of their claim, should we not deem them mad?---Doubtless.

If the further continuance of this commission, were required by the government of the United States, we should expect the appointment of a new embassage clothed with new powers, and until such appointment should have been made, we should reject all acts done by any other persons claiming authority to act under the former appointment.

This article already exceeds the limits I intended. I trust the view I have taken of this subject is sufficiently plain. If it is incorrect, and the subject is one of sufficient interest, I should be pleased to see the inaccuracy of my mode of treating it designated. To err is human. I may be mistaken, and would say to any brother who may feel inclined to enter his demurrer against being so unceremoniously shorn of his clerical dignity, and reduced to the common level of other public instructors---"come let us reason together." R. S.

Middletown, Conn.

SCRIPTURE REFLECTIONS.

my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

The religion of Jesus imposes no heavy task nor wearisome burden on those who embrace it. In following his excellent precepts, and taking him for a sure guide, the humble believer finds his feet to be walking in the way of heavenly wisdom, whose ways are pleasantness, and all her paths, peace. Like his glorious leader, the pattern of human excellence, he finds it his meat and his drink to do the will of his Father in heaven; to love and adore him as the Eternal and unchanging friend, to extend the hand of benevolence to the needy and afflicted wherever he may meet them, and to look on the great family of man around him as brethren, bound to him by the indissoluble ties of a father's love. And *in doing* this he is happy. He does not look upon it as an irksome duty, from which he would willingly be released, were it not for a reward offered him in the future world. Nor does he murmur at the "master of the house," when he beholds in anticipation, that those who come in at the eleventh hour are made equal with him.

How often has Jesus been represented as a hard master. How often has his religion been represented as a dull and gloomy one. Many have imagined, that in order to become a christian, all the pleasurable enjoyments of earth must be renounced---that the mind must be filled with cheerless forebodings and anxieties---and that, but for one consideration, an irreligious life would be preferable to one of piety and godliness? But they have this hope---that after the hard duties and tedious services of this christian life are over, they shall be amply rewarded in the world to come, for the great pains they have taken to keep in this good way, at the expense of so much real enjoyment? Is such a spirit in accordance with the gospel or not? Is it true, that religion does not contain excellence enough *in itself* to be worth seeking? Is it not its own reward? Are those who possess it, in reality, the most miserable of all men? And do they look upon it as an incumbrance from which they would gladly be released, were it not for the hope of compensation hereafter---and the fear that if they dispense with it in this world, they shall be forever miserable in the world to come? If so, then have we utterly mistaken the instructions of the blessed Redeemer and the opinions of his apostles. It was a true observation of the pious Watts---

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

It is the only permanent source of peace, rest and quietude---a health-giving balm to the wounded---the oil of joy to the mourner, a well of water to the thirsty soul "springing up into everlasting life." It is the "bread of life that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world." Reader? may its holy influence be felt in our hearts, and lead us to God---the source of all enjoyment, even to his communion and service here below. Then shall our "peace be as a river and our righteousness as the waves of the sea."---*Chris. Intel.*

The royal Psalmist could, with unhesitating confidence, affirm it was good "to sing praises unto the Lord"---"to shew forth his *loving kindness* in the morning," and his "faithfulness *every* night," yet how frequently are we now told, it is dangerous and demoralizing to exhibit to mankind the LOVING KINDNESS of their God!

THE HAPPY MATCH.

"Now," said Harry Hemphill to his young wife, when they went to house-keeping, "it is my business to bring money into the house, and yours to see that none goes foolishly out of it." This was the agreement with which they set out forward in the world. He chose her first, because he loved her, and in the second place, because he knew she was sensible, economical, and industrious—just the reasons which should influence every sensible man in his choice now. And he thought it best that each should have a distinct sphere of action. Their interests were one and indivisible; consequently each had the same motives to act well the allotted part. His business called for his whole attention; he wished therefore to pursue it undistracted by other cares. For himself he looked for happiness only at home, where he expected a supply for all his wants, and he was of course, not disposed to spend any thing abroad in pursuit of what he thought every reasonable man ought to enjoy in the bosom of his own family. Her duties being all domestic, she was able to compass them the better by turning her whole attention to them. Her husband's business-doing habits, his temperate and correct life, had all the power of example—increasing her esteem, and doubling her anxiety to deserve his.

They had married without waiting to get rich. They neither distrusted Providence nor each other. With little besides health, and a disposition to improve it, they nevertheless had strong confidence of final success, which prudent resolutions inspire in those who feel that they have perseverance enough to adhere to them. Thus they began the world.

To attach a man to his home, it is necessary that home should have attractions. Henry Hemphill's had. There he sought repose after the toil and weariness of the day; and there he found it. When perplexed and low spirited, he retired thither, and amid the soothing influence of its quiet and peaceful shades, he forgot the heartlessness of the world, and all the wrongs of men. When things went ill with him, he found always a solace in the sunshine of affection, that in the domestic circle beamed upon him, and chased away every cloud from his brow. However others treated him, there was all kindness, and confidence, and esteem. If others deceived him, and hypocrisy, with its shameless face, smiled on him to delude and injure him; there was all sincerity—that sincerity of the heart which makes amends for sufferings, and wins the troubled spirit from misanthropy.

Nothing so directly tends to make a good wife, a good house-keeper, a good domestic economist, as that kindness on the part of the husband which speaks the language of approbation, and that careful and well-directed industry which thrives and gives strong promise that her care and prudence will have a profitable issue. And Mary Hemphill had this token and this assurance.

Harry devoted himself to business with steady purpose and untiring zeal. He obtained credit by his plain and honest dealing; custom, by his faithful punctuality and constant care; friends, by his obliging deportment and accommodating disposition. He gained the reputation of being the best workman in the village. None were ever deceived who trusted to his work. He always drove his business a little beforehand, for he said things go badly when the cart gets before the horse.

I noticed once a little incident which illustrated his character. A thrifty old farmer was accosted in the road, at the end of the village, by a youngster who was making a good dash in business, and who wanted to loan a few hundred dollars. The wily old man was perfectly ignorant where it could be had, and slided off from him as soon as he could. He rode directly down to Hemphill's, and told him he had a sum of money to loan, and wished he would take it; the payment would be made easy; just as would suit him. Indeed, replied Harry, you have come to a bad market; I have a little cash to spare myself, and have been looking around these two weeks for a good opportunity of putting it out.

While Harry was prospering in his business, all went like clock work at home; the family expenditures were carefully made; not a farthing was wasted; not a scrap was lost. The furniture was all neat and useful rather than ornamental. The table plain, frugal, but wholesome and well spread. Little went either to the seamstress or to the tailor. No extravagance in dress; no costly company keeping; no useless waste of time in visiting, and yet the whole neighborhood praised Mary Hemphill and loved her. She was kind, without ostentation; sociable, without being troublesome. And while few people lived more comfortably, none lived more economically.

The results of such management can never disappoint the reasonable expectations of those who build upon them. Even the angry frown of misfortune is almost put at defiance. A vantage ground soon gained, which the storm seldom reaches; and a full reward comes, in its proper time, to crown the meed of lives thus spent.

The music of Henry's tools was in full play on the morning that I left the village for a distant residence. It was not yet sunrise; and as the coach bore us rapidly by the cool and quiet residence of the villager, I saw the door was open, and the breakfast was smoking upon the table. Mary, in her neat morning dress and white apron, blooming in health and loveliness, was busy amid her household affairs; and a stranger, who chanced to be my fellow passenger to the city, observed it and said, "there is a thriving family." And he spoke well. There are certain signs about those who are working things right, that cannot be mistaken by the most casual observer.

On my return to Alesbury, many years afterwards, I noticed a beautiful country residence on the banks of the river, surrounded by all the elegance of wealth and taste. Richly cultivated fields spread themselves out on every side; as far as the eye could reach, flocks and herds were scattered in every direction—it was a splendid scene—the sun was just sitting behind the western hills; and while a group of neatly dressed children sported on the adjacent school-house green, the mellow notes of the flute mingled with their noisy mirth. "There," said an old friend, "lives Harry Hemphill; that is his farm; there are his cattle; here is his old school-house; and these his own, and some orphan children of his adoption, which he educates at his own expense. Having made a noble fortune by his industry and prudence, he spends a large income in deeds of charity; and he and Mary mutually give each other the credit of doing all this."

My heart expanded then; it expands still when I think of them. And I pen their simple history in the hope that, as it is entirely imitable, some who read it will attempt to imitate it.

NATURE.

It would be impossible to follow all the imagination, or to dwell on all the beauty which has been thrown over the different objects of nature. Nature speaks a thousand languages;—and her voice is clothed with such a power, that it operates with almost magical effect upon her contemplators.

I have seen the silver bosom of a noble stream stretched calmly and serenely amid the deep solitude of an unbounded forest. It was pure and unruffled—soft and clear as if the robe of azure on high had been torn asunder and a fragment fallen to the earth. I see the impression of the tall, proud, wide-armed trees, which throw themselves up to the heavens by its banks, full and fair upon its surface. I see the faint, sombre shade, that is cast from its low banks, lying softly and lightly along the shore; and every slender bush, every running vine, every wild water flower that swim on its fair brow, possessing power sufficient to raise a ripple there. How fair—how noble and enchanting—this is nature—original, unadulterated nature! The axe has not rang in the wilderness in whose bosom it lies, nor has the march of improvement eradicated the wild natural beauty of the stream. It seemed to me that, as I gazed upon this scene, I could feel each tumultuous passion, which wave-like rocked in my breast, one by one die away, until my whole being harmonized with the scene.

The scene changes. I stand a few miles farther down this river. The waters which slept so transparently, begin to tremble, and rock lightly at first, becoming more and more agitated as it descends. I look away over the face of it, and behold clusters of rocks, where they throw their flinty, uncouth forms above the wild waves. The stream drives madly on like a whirlwind past them. It bubbles and foams as it dashes to and fro, throwing its spray high into the air; then, as it rushes over some uneven bottom, it plunges down and mounts up—down and up—carrying on its way the small fragments of the wilderness which it has washed from its own shores; then assuming another shape, it whirls round and round with lightning-like velocity; then, pushing downward, it quirls itself gracefully over into a wave whose edge is all of a lively and boiling foam; then shooting obliquely across, starting backward, driving to and fro, rushing all ways, and still moving its whole body steadily onward to its final place of destination.

Oh! there is something lovely in nature. It melts away the rolling passions of man and moulds him to her own liking. Look away to the west, and see the king of day go blazing down beneath the green pine tops which skirt the horizon. I see half his fiery form yet visible, throwing, aslant the mount, his shower of gold over the fresh hill tops in brighter and then more dusky colors. Away up, swimming in the blue ocean, sails a few soft, fleecy and ragged clouds, tinged with the strong, yet bland touch of nature's pencil. How sweet the look—like a crimson sail lagging in a calm upon the mighty deep, like a sweet spirit which has shot from its worldly sphere, like a banner hoisted out from the invisible world, or like a world of perfection itself, where all is contentment and bliss, it rests purely there, sublimely beautiful. But, it melts, it dissolves in the azure which surrounds it, and like the brilliant hopes of man, evaporates, and all is blank where it once slept. The last shade of the sun now gilds the eastern mountain. The vale is dimly overshadowed with a dusky cast, between twilight and day. The stream, as it rushes down over its rocky bed, reverberates with a deeper roar at this romantic moment. The tall, shady trees wear a sober aspect. The forest at a distance, assumes various colors in the uncertain light; and, in fine, a peculiar spell, a sort of enchantment appears to be thrown round the objects of nature; when gathering on, shade by shade, full darkness at last flings her sable cloak upon all sublunary things.

To conclude, if there is a noble feeling springing within the breast of man—if the tide of thought rises in his head—if one single glow of imagination ever shot forth from him, or the swell of nature moved his being, he cannot be insensible to nature's multifarious monuments, or quell the thrill of ecstacy which trembles over him as he beholds her works.—*Rural Repository.*

Principles are eternal. That which is right to-day, was so yesterday, will be to-morrow, and to all eternity. Truth *cannot* change, and therefore, that which is *mutable* is not truth.

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

EDITED BY T. J. SAWYER AND P. PRICE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1832.

DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

In accordance with the suggestion contained in this paper, some time since, and which has been almost universally approved of among our brethren in different parts of the country, Sunday, the 4th of November, (to-morrow,) will be observed as a day of Thanksgiving, at the Orchard-street Church.

Subject of the Morning Discourse. The rise, progress, and present extent of Universalism in the U. States. Text, Luke i, 78, 79.

Afternoon. The obstacles that have presented, and are still presenting themselves to the advancement of Universalism. Text 2 Cor. x, 4, 5.

Evening. The duties of Universalists and the prospective destiny of the denomination. Text, Isa. xlii, 4.

Brs. Hillyer and Hallock, in their respective appointments at Newark and Middleville, on that day, intend giving discourses appropriate to the occasion.

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES.

The contemplated course of Sunday evening Lectures on doctrinal subjects to be delivered in the Orchard-st. Church, may be expected to commence on the evening of Sunday week, (Nov. 11th.)

Subject. The original, physical nature, and moral condition of man. Text, Gen. ii, 7.

A number of our subscribers have not yet informed us whether they wish to continue or not. We shall forward this number to those, and if they do not desire it continued, they will please do it up, writing their names and residence on the margin, and direct it "*Christian Messenger, Pr.* 85 1-2 *Bowery, New York.*" It is desired they would give immediate attention to it, as we shall continue sending, and without prompt notice to the contrary, we must consider them as subscribers to the second volume. The necessity of this will be apparent, when we inform them that after the first or second No. we issue a uniform edition of each number: consequently their receiving only a few, effectually breaks the sett for the year. It will be remembered that it is optionable with the publisher, whether to discontinue any paper, unless arrearages are all paid.

We also send extra numbers to our principal agents, who will distribute them at their discretion. They will oblige us by the earliest possible returns, that we may be able to regulate the edition to the probable demand.

We take the liberty of sending the present number of the Messenger to many persons, both in the city and country, who have not been subscribers to the first volume. Should the paper meet their approbation, we shall be extremely happy to have their names on our list. The carrier will wait on those in the city, within a few days; and if they should not wish to continue the paper, they will please return the number to him. Those in the country who may receive it, and who are desirous to continue it, will please give us immediate information to that effect, as we shall only send the first No. without further notice. Those who do not wish to subscribe, will oblige us by passing the number they receive over to some one of their acquaintance who would be most likely to patronize it, or enclose and return it, directed, "*Christian Messenger, Pr.* 85 1-2 *Bowery, N. Y.*" Individuals will be particular, (*if they wish us to continue sending the paper,*) to give us immediate notice. Postmasters, in their respective vicinities, will no doubt readily do them the favor to communicate with us.

TO OUR READERS.

In commencing another year of our editorial labors, it may not perhaps be unnecessary to repeat the general objects we have in view, and the manner in which it is our desire to accomplish them. We feel no anxiety to conceal the fact, that our religious faith is widely different from that of the various sects of professed christians by which we are surrounded. We believe that many of the popular doctrines of the religious world at the present day, owe their origin to the dark ages, and that now they are handed down only by a species of prescription, whose shackles it is, in our opinion, high time to break asunder and cast from us. We most religiously believe that many of these doctrines are repugnant to the clearest dictates of reason, and equally dishonorable to our Father in heaven, and destructive alike to genuine piety and human happiness.

Entertaining such opinions our duty is plain. As honest men, as friends of our race, as lovers of God, we feel ourselves bound by every consideration of truth, of humanity, of religion, to disabuse, as far as in our power, the public mind on these momentous subjects, to dissipate the errors now pervading our country, and to free, if possible, the world from delusions that have been cherished for ages.

In commencing the Christian Messenger a twelve month since, as a vehicle of religious intelligence and instruction, we were not altogether unaware of the magnitude and difficulty of the undertaking, nor of the reproach and invective to which we should expose ourselves in its prosecution. Opinions, venerable for their antiquity, and loved for the favoritism they manifest, are not easily to be wrested from those who have embraced them. These considerations could by no means, however, have intimidated us, had we not felt misgivings in relation to our competency for the task upon which we were entering. Nor have these misgivings disappeared in our progress. The cause we advocate is worthy of better talents than we can bring it, but such as we possess we devote entirely to its interests and advancement.

The Christian Messenger was undertaken from a sincere desire that it might be the means of disseminating religious truth through the community, and especially of exerting an influence in promoting the cause of christianity in this city. Circumstances of a most unfavorable character, had for some years been in operation here, which came well nigh annihilating every vestige of our peculiar sect. To revive our faltering friends, and encourage the despairing, and gather the dispersed, and if possible, introduce the dawn of a better and brighter day, constituted an important item of our general object. Thanks be to God, we have been permitted to more than realize our highest anticipations. Never perhaps has our cause been really more flourishing in New-York than at this moment. Union and confidence are to a good degree already restored, and we cannot but flatter ourselves that a few years more of united and patient perseverance in well doing, will permanently establish the doctrine of God's universal grace beyond the reach of injury from its avowed enemies or its professed but hypocritical friends.

It affords us the greatest pleasure to observe that the rapid progress of our general cause for the year past has been attended to a considerable extent with what we must regard as a manifest improvement in the temper and spirit of our denomination. From its infancy in America, Universalism has been constantly exposed to the enmity of almost every sect of professed christians. And until within a few years, when its opposers became convinced that it was dangerous to trust themselves and their cause to the Scriptures and argument, it was the object of almost every-day attacks. A life of disputation is perhaps not altogether favorable to the full developement of all the graces of the christian character, or if it is, those graces are too seldom therein developed. In such a school as Universalists have been educated, it should not be thought singular if an acrimonious spirit was sometimes generated. The human heart does not easily brook insult and abuse. It will sometimes rebel even against its better judgment and its better feelings. We know full well from our own short experience, that with the best intentions and the greatest caution, men are still liable to speak unadvisedly with their lips, and to be left in their cooler moments to regret that past hours and actions cannot be re-called.

The circumstances of Universalism are now, however, rapidly changing, and the time, we believe, has arrived when Christian mildness should take the place of unnecessary severity. Let Universalists be frank, but candid; and forbearing, but not without decision. Let them speak the truth, but only in love; and if they must condemn, let them do it with tenderness. Truth is mighty and it will prevail, and the grace of God shall yet triumph over every error.

We shall therefore endeavor to pursue much the same manner of advocating and defending the peculiar doctrines of Universalism as during the year past, with, we trust, some improvements and fewer causes of regret. While we cultivate a spirit of peace ourselves, it will matter little if the whole world wars with us.

We could wish, and hope we may receive, more assistance in our undertaking from our friends, and ministering brethren in particular, (a few merit our special thanks,) than has been given us heretofore. Be that as it may, however, we shall once more pledge ourselves to our readers to do all in our power to render the Messenger worthy of their patronage. Eds.

LECTURES AGAINST UNIVERSALISM.

We are happy to learn that a course of Lectures on the subject of Universalism has been commenced by the Rev. W. C. Brownlee, D. D. of this city. Dr. Brownlee is well known as a prominent clergyman in the Reformed Dutch Church. Possessed of great learning and true christian candor, we cannot doubt, from our slight personal acquaintance with him, that however his conclusions may differ from our own, he will treat both Universalism and Universalists with respect. The question he is discussing, is as follows: "*Is Universalism consistent with reason and revelation?*" A more im-

portant question could scarcely be agitated; and it is gratifying to us to know, that while clerical fops, and ignorant editors of religious periodicals, affect to treat the subject with contempt, divines of sterling talents and genuine piety do not regard it as beneath their notice. The truth is, and christians of all sects will in a few years more be convinced of it, Universalism must and will soon claim the attention of the religious world. It is gaining adherents so rapidly, that in a little while longer it will take its stand on a level with any denomination in the U. States. It is so perfectly consistent with the best conceptions we can form of the divine character, it is so congenial with the best feelings and holiest desires of the christian soul, that its voice must be heard. The question, *Shall universal holiness and consequent happiness be the grand consummation of the divine plan?* must and will be discussed. Little minds may wrangle for a time about the little things of christian faith, and neglect and sneer at the most momentous subject ever proposed for human consideration. But it will not always be thus. The question, *Shall the whole human family be made eventually and endlessly happy?* will not forever be answered in the negative, without reflection, and without one single pang of regret.

We are gratified that the subject claims the attention of Dr. Brownlee. We hope he will do it, and himself justice. We have had some reason to complain of the treatment we have heretofore received from some of our Limitarian friends. A few years since, the Rev. Mr. Parker delivered, or rather re-delivered, a course of Lectures against Universalism in this city, which, however much it may please himself and his friends, we could not but regard as extremely ungenerous and unjust. To say nothing of his puerile sophisms and illogical conclusions, his direct abuse of Universalists, is equalled by nothing but his ignorance of Universalism. Dr. B. will, we are confident, pursue a very different course. And when his Lectures are concluded, we trust he will favor the public with the method of his argument and its results through the medium of the press.

We would mention for the information of our friends who might wish to attend, that his next Lecture will begiven in the Middle Dutch Church on the evening of Sunday, 18th inst.

The following letter is from a worthy lay brother in the Abrahamic faith. The Rev. Mr. Henry to whom it was addressed, is understood to be a gentleman of talents, but of a naturally warm temperament, and withal a violent opposer of the doctrine of Universal grace. It seems a little strange, that those who affect to believe Universalism, to be "nothing but error and delusion," should still hesitate to meet it openly and manfully expose its error and delusion. But so it is. Br. Henry would certainly do well to refrain for the future from such sweeping declararations as he seems in the habit of making on this subject, at least, until he acquires the courage to attempt a vindication. The letter is published, in consequence of some expressions of Mr. H. in relation to it.

Upper Freehold, Mon. Co., N. J. Sept. 10, 1832.

Rev. Sir—In June last, you preached in the Pulpit recently occupied by the unfortunate William H. Woodhull, in which the believers in God's impartial and universal grace, think that you then and there uncharitably reviled, condemned and misrepresented them and their sentiments. You strenuously endeavored to impress upon the minds of your hearers, that Universalism is a most delusive and pernicious doctrine, and you asserted that it is nothing but error and delusion. You also asserted, that wherever this doctrine prevailed—vice and immortality were the consequence. Your general animadversions and sweeping condemnation of the whole order of Universalists, and their sentiments are reasons sufficiently strong, for their not being silent on the subject.

Have the Preachers of the Universal salvation manifested a disposition to avoid an open and Scriptural discussion of the sentiments they maintain, with the champions of your order? No; they have to the contrary frequently invited them to the test, and hold themselves in readiness to be corrected by an appeal to Scripture testimony. They have offered to publish at their own expense the best arguments, that the believers of unending misery, can urge against their doctrine, so that tney might reply to the same, and thereby enable the public to examine both sides of the question. You are now therefore cordially invited to come out and meet a Minister of learning and talents of the Universalist denomination, for the purpose of discussing the subject. You stated in your discourse, that you had not now come out to argue against Universalism, intimating thereby, that you would at some other time. You now have an opportunity. If your declarations are true, you have nothing to fear. You will thereby demolish the whole Universal fabric, stop the mighty progress of Universalism, and show to the public, that your declarations are true; namely, that Universalism is nothing but error and delusion, &c. There are several Ministers of the Universalist order, who are willing and ready at almost any time to meet you on the subject, in whatever way you would choose.

Please Sir, to direct a line to me at Hightstown Post Office, informing me, whether you will attend to the subject, and in what way you would like to discuss the same. If you attend to it, you shall not be disappointed. Inform me as soon as convenient.

Respectfully yours, &c. Hiram Upham.

Revr. Symmes C. Henry.

P. S.—Since the above letter was written, Brother Thomas, from Philadelphia, called on the said Mr. Henry, and he refused to have a discussion with Mr. Thomas. H. U.

THANKSGIVING.

To-morrow will be observed in the Orchard-street Church, as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise to Almighty God, for the rapid spread of the doctrine of his universal grace in the United States. Little more than half a century has now passed since Murray first lifted his voice in the then wilderness of America to proclaim the glad tidings of a world's salvation. We now look around us, and behold we are a mulitude! The leaven is spreading far and near. Universalism, though yet in its infancy, is exerting an influence which no denomination in the country can wholly resist. Its course is onward. Shall we not rest a moment, and contemplate its progress and its prospects, and pour out our grateful hearts to the great Giver of every good and perfect gift? What are temporal blessings compared with the glorious promises of our Father's everlasting love! What is this life to the unwavering assurance of immortality and blesseduess beyond the grave!

S.

CHRISTIAN PREACHER.

Br. Drew will please forward us another complete sett of the Christian Preacher of the present volume (vol. 2,) for a subscriber. We have the pay, and will remit as he may wish.

The senior Editor having but lately returned after an absence of several weeks, finds himself unable immediately to do justice to the several subjects that are pressing upon his attention. Br. A. C. T. on "the Lord's Supper" will receive an early consideration. An attempt to vindicate the measures adopted by the Hudson River Association relative to the qualification of candidates for fellowship, is thought, however, to deserve precedence. His friends shall all be remembered in due time.

Messrs. Editors—The enclosed calculation I cut from an old file of the Trumpet. Perhaps you may agree with me in thinking it worthy a place in your Messenger. Yours, &c.

RECENT CALCULATION.

The population of the whole earth is supposed to be about 800,000,000—of which Europe and America are supposed to contain about 200,000,000. Of the European and American portion of this population 150,000,000 are denominated Christians, or live in countries in which the religion of Jesus Christ, *in some form*, is acknowledged. All the residue, or 650,000,000, are heathens, pagans, or idolators. But the Roman Catholic religion is denounced by all protestants as an idolatrous religion; and the professors of that form of the Christian religion constitute at least one half of the whole number of nominal christians; and are therefore to be excluded. The number left then will be 75,000,000 of nominal christians in the whole. Of this number we will suppose one in forty have made an actual profession of that religion and become members of churches: the number of professing christians then will be 1,900,000; and of this last number one in ten have "experimental" or "vital" religion, which will make the whole number of "experimentalists" to be but 190,000, or 1 in 4,210,000 of our race, who have "obtained an interest in Christ," are saved by the great sacrifice he made of himself for the whole world; while 799,810,000 are "without God in the world," "dead in trespasses and sins."

Now let us suppose that of all this immense mass of human beings, one in thirty dies every year; there will die annually 26,700,000, of which number 6,333 1-3 are saved, and 26,693,666 2-3 "perish in their sins," and are utterly lost.

We will also suppose the population of the earth and the mortality of our race to have been the same since the death of Christ; or, for the sake of more easy and convenient calculations, for 2000 years: there will have died within that perioe, 53,400,000,000, in the whole—of which number, 12.667,333 1-3 will have been saved—while 53,357,332,666 2-3 will have been utterly lost—"*perished in their sins.*"

This perhaps is the most favorable view that can be had of this comfortable doctrine—a doctrine that does so much credit to the head and heart of man in this enlightened age—and to that blessed gospel of peace and comfort to a lost, ruined world—which was announced as "glad tidings of great joy unto all people"—to that God of love and tender mercy too, who brought his chosen family out of "the house of bondage" by the strong arm of his mighty power—who sustained them in the wilderness by bread sent down from heaven—who loved them in all their ingratitude, their murmuring, their rebellions, their backslidings, and their impenitence—who saved, sustained, and preserved them for his own name's sake, and for his servants, Moses, Aaron, and David's sake—who had broken down the walls of partition between them and the Gentiles, and given his own Son to be a mediator between God and man, to be a propitiation for the sins of the whole world—who has reconciled that world unto himself by Christ—and who has said that he "will behold our sins and our iniquities no more, but will look upon the face of his anointed."

But if we consider also how small the number of proselytes and converts to this religion was for many centuries after its Great Author had departed from our earth, and how universal

were the Romish corruptions for some ten or twelve hundred years of this long period---even the small number of 12,667,333 1-3 must dwindle into nothing in comparison with the almost infinite number of the damned!

This then is that blessed gospel of the salvation of our race, that cheered by its feeble twilight the gloom of that long and dreary night of darkness and death, that succeeded the fall of our first parents---which dawned like the morning upon the house of Jacob in the land of Egypt ---in the wilderness, and in Canaan *the land of milk and honey*---and which burst forth at last upon a gladdened world like the new born sun in all the power and splendor of light, of life, and of salvation in the advent of Jesus Chrtst. K.

Original.

CLERICAL KNOWLEDGE.

It must be evident to all individuals acquainted with the history of Universalism, that, in many instances, its promulgators are, and have been, deficient in those acquirements which have been regarded by some denominations as a *sine qua non*. I was therefore much gratified in reading the late resolution of the Hudson River Association, at Troy, specifying a certain preparatory course of studies, before candidates for the ministry should be deemed qualified for that profession. This resolution, I perceive, has met with much opposition from various sources, on the ground that it may be the corner stone of a clerical and literary aristocracy, and that it will debar many excellent and worthy men from engaging in the work of the ministry.

In all ages of civilization it has been considered a fundamental principle that he who imparts instruction to others, either in the arts or sciences, should first of all understand them himself; and how can this be attained, except by previous study? The individual, desirous of becoming a minister of the gospel, and of doing honor to himself and the cause which he espouses, *will* submit to the necessary requisitions, and feel a laudable ambition to excel. If he has not that ambition, then is he worthy of becoming a clergyman?

In an article signed "Clericus," which appeared some time since, the writer alludes to the unparalleled advancement of Universalism; and that through the instrumentality of men not capable of constructing a grammatical sentence. Be this as it may, it does not by any means prove that it would not have had a much greater spread, had its preachers been men of science and literature.

One prominent advantage in having a well educated ministry is, that they may not bring contumely and reproach on the cause, by illiterate and uncouth expressions, gross solecisms, &c. The subject of religion should be treated at least with some degree of respect; but if its preachers are men not capable of exciting reverence, the cause which they advocate sinks in proportion, and as you raise the standard of clerical knowledge, you raise in the same ratio the character of the denomination. The chaste and classic style of delivery, the imposing elocution, the high-toned diction, though by no means the quintescence of religion, should be acquired in a greater or less degree by its ministers. It may be objected that we are treading in the footsteps of the more powerful and orthodox sects of the day. It has been established as a universal maxim, that extremes are always dangerous. None but enthusiasts will pretend to say that we can derive no benefit from imitating *some* of the examples of our limitarian friends. It is true we are at variance with the prominent points of their doctrine; but as Christians we are bound not to consider ourselves as the salt of the earth and the exclusively righteous.

An essay under the caption of "Chapter on Tests," written in sacred style, made its appearance a few weeks since. With all due deference to the opinions of the writer, I very much doubt whether he has given the subject that thorough and close investigation which it demands. He refers us to ages of primitive simplicity, when the foolish things of this world were chosen to confound the wise. He has probably forgotten that the lapse of eighteen centuries has produced a miraculous change in the aspect of affairs; the march of intellect has been steadily progressing —we should, therefore, endeavor to suit our circumstances to the times. Reasoning by analogy, we should suppose the writer would advocate the destruction of all appendages to our churches, such as organs, cushions, cupolas, ornaments within and without; but if these are tolerated and considered important, how much more should ministerial qualifications be looked to?

J. R.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 30th ult. by Rev. T. J. Sawyer, Mr. Darius Banks and Miss Mary Ann Rogers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A brief communication from Selma, Ala. signed "Simon," setting forth that the writer "is a subscriber to our paper, but is not satisfied with our faith," and proposing various questions for our consideration, is received. Now we have *but a word*, at present, with Mr. "Simon," and if he is *honest* in his inquiries he cannot object to it. *Come to us under your own proper name*, (it will be safe with us,) and BE SURE TO PAY YOUR POSTAGE! *and your questions shall have all proper and candid attention.* We send but *one* paper to Selma, and the person receiving that probably understands fully the circumstances under which it is sent.

Two communications from our respected correspondent "Z. G." are received. We have not had time as yet to examine them.

"K." from Newton, Ms. in our next.

LETTERS AND REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, ending October 31st.

Rev. R. S. Middletown; P. M. New-Brunswick; Rev. W. W. Hudson; H. L. E. Cedarville, 1st Vol. $1; W. G. Pottstown; M. W. R. Avon; S. P. Norwalk, 2d Vol. $2; Dr. J. B. W. Camptown, 1st Vol. $1; J. D. Yorkville, 2d Vol. $1; C. I. C. Augusta, Ga. 2d Vol. $2; C. A. J. Mobile, 2d Vol. $2; L. B. Somers, 2d Vol. $2; H. B. Somers, 2d Vol. $1; R. T. and B. T. V. Le Roy, 2d Vol. each $2; J. W. C. Saratoga Springs, 2d Vol. $2; A. C. jr. New Canaan, 2d Vol. $2; H. W. Stafford, 2d Vol. $2; P. M. Green Hill; P. M. Gallatin, Miss.; G. S. Duxbury; J. H. Lowville, 2d Vol. $2; J. C. Hudson, 2d Vol. $2; W. G. Woodbridge, N. J. 1st Vol. $2; H. B. Somers, 2d Vol. $2; C. B. Le Roy, 2d vol. $2.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach at Newark, Sunday the 4th of Nov.; at Stamford, Friday evening the 9th Nov.; at Long Ridge, Sunday the 11th Nov.; at Bedford, Monday evening the 12th Nov.; at Whiteplains, Tuesday evening the 13th; at Sing Sing, Thursday evening, 15th; at Cortlandtown, Friday evening 16th; Somers, Saturday evening, 17th; North-Salem, Sunday 18th, and at Ridgefield, Conn. Monday evening, 19th.

Br. B. B. Hallock will preach at Middleville, N. J. Sunday, 4th Nov. and at Camptown in the evening.

Br. R. Smith will preach at New Brunswick, Friday evening, 23d Nov.; at Hightstown, Sunday, 25th Nov. [Br. Smith did not inform us when he would be ready to start on the northern tour. Let him do it, and we will make the desired appointments.]

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For the First Sabbath in November, 1832.

[The following Hymn was written and presented to the Editors of the Herald and Watchman, Montrose, Pa. by Miss *J. H. Kingsbury*, of Sheshequin, Pa. for the occasion of the Public Thanksgiving in the Universalist denomination on Sunday, 4th Nov. It will be sung during the evening service of that day, at the Orchard-street Church.]

This day, Almighty God, this day
We consecrate alone to thee;
And humbly at thy footstool pray,
That with us thou wilt deign to be.
Not in the pomp of pride we meet,
Decked out with ostentatious art,
Ah no dear Lord, low at thy feet
We pour the incense of the heart.

We come, with songs of grateful praise,
Though feebly may our tongues express,
How much we feel the kind displays
Of thy unwearied tenderness—
We come with hearts subdued by love,
To pay deep homage to our King;
And, Father, wilt thou not approve
The spirit of the offering?

Thanks, thanks, unceasing thanks we give
For all the blessings from thy hand,
Thanks, thanks that thou doth let us live
In freedom's broad unshackled land—
Thanks, that thy glorious Gospel light
So long by Priestly craft suppressed,
Hath turned to-day our mental night
And hush'd each doubt and fear to rest.

Backward we look, few years have pass'd
Since but one voice proclaimed abroad,
Unawed by persecution's blast
The name of an *impartial God*.
One only voice, no answering sound
From Georgia to unsettled Maine,
Was heard to wake the dark profound
With Zion's soul-inspiring strain.

The scene, how changed!—where e'er we turn,
Our eyes behold the genial rays
Of sparkling truth, more brightly burn
As time flings down his radiant days—
Impartial grace, impartial grace,
The words roll onward through the sky,
Dark superstition hides her face
And Bigot's missiles harmless fly.

Impartial grace!—and can we faint
With such a motto on our shield?
Shall coward fears our bosoms taint
Before the victory is sealed?
No, brethren no, on valiantly,
Love's mission soon will conquer all.
On, on like Murray *faithfully*,
And thanks from *every* tongue shall fall.

SINGING SCHOOL.

Persons interested in continuing the Singing School now held in the Basement Story of the Orchard-street Church, are requested to meet at that place on Tuesday evening next. The second quarter closed Tuesday evening last, and it will be determined at the next meeting whether the school will be continued. The Ladies who have attended the previous quarters, and such as may wish to join, as well as the Gentlemen are requested to be present.

Nov. 3d 1832.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

HARVEST HOME.

Come while the Harvest moon is bright,
And sailing through her azure sea—
Flinging afar her beams of light,
So placidly—so cheerfully—
Now toil is o'er, for man and beast,
Partake the grateful Harvest feast.

Come, taste the fruits so richly sweet,
And pour the red wine joyfully;
But ere one drop thy lip shall meet,
Raise thankfully—raise gratefully
Thy heart and voice to HIM, whose hand
Spreads such broad plenty o'er our land!

How richly, round our cottage door,
Our God has laden every tree!
And fill'd our basket and our store,
How plenteously—how lavishly!
Oh let us thank him for each boon,
And bless him for this Harvest-Moon!

C. M. S.

LIFE.

Year after year is gone,
As follows wave on wave;
And swiftly we are hastening on
Towards the silent grave—
The darkness of that narrow rest,
Where sleeps the loveliest and the best.
Another year has fled,
And many a cheek is pale,
And low lies many a youthful head,
In Death's deep-shadowed vale.
* * * * * * *

THE AUTUMN TIME.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year—
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.

So sings our American Wordsworth; and these are the days of which he spake. It may be trite to allude to the 'quiet autumn time'---but the man of feeling, and the lover of nature, will forgive it. What is there, says Brainard, 'saddening in the autumn leaf?' Few can answer the interrogation, and yet all feel that there is 'a something.' The sun goes up a clear and deep blue sky, in the morning, and as the day declines, he wraps a drapery of brillaint clouds about him, and sinks behinds the many-colored woods, to his repose in the west. There is a melancholy, retrospective influence in the very atmosphere. We go back again into the valley of youth, and we remember those who set out with us, fresh and vigorous in the journey of life, and who faded like the leaves around us, and vanished from our familiar paths. The reason is essentially spiritual. If the reader would realize its beauty, let him stand upon an eminence, and see the faded fields outspread before him---the forest in its rainbow of beauty---the hazy upland slopes in the distance---and the bay, heaving towards the sea, with the receding tide ---bright and blue as the sky, which it mirrors in its purity. An October evening at Newport is surpassingly beautiful. As one walks towards the south-east, the meadows and corn fields are seen sloping to the sea-beach, where the waves roll, with a solemn voice, upon the shore, while away in the boundless distance spreads the heaving deep. We know of no spot where the 'religion of nature,' is more strongly impressed upon the mind. The beholder feels, in its full force, the beautiful sentiment of the Psalmist---'O LORD, how manifold are thy works ---in wisdom hast thou made them all"---*Providence Journal.*

HOME.

"The patriotic boast where'er we roam,
Our first, best country ever is at home."

There is no trait, perhaps, more common, or more amiable in the human character, than the attachment which an individual feels for his native place; with what resistless, tender and soul subduing influence does the remembrance of past scenes and pleasures frequently rush upon our minds? Our native hills and vallies, the murmuring rills, the groves, the meadows and fields which witnessed the innocence and sporting of our youthful years, arise before the imagination arrayed in all beauty. We lonely, look back with tender affection to the sacred spot where repose the slumbering ashes of our departed kindred friends. In these chaste and pious meditations, we feel a pleasurable melancholy steal over our souls, which we would not exchange for all the sparkling rays of transient and unsubstantial amusements.

But awakening from our pleasing reveries, we find that we are in a strange land surrounded with strangers. In vain do we look around for friends and companions of our youth—but all is sad, lonely and disconsolate. Tell us not that the gales which fan us are perfumed with odors; that the gentle zephyr brings health and balm on its wings; that roses and jessamines fill the soft air with fragrance and that the verdant mantle of nature is sparkling with flowers of the richest dyes.

For neither, the spicy gales, the balmy breath of the gentle zephyr, nor the roses nor the jessamines, nor natures fairest livery, equal the air the beauty and enchantment of our native land, To us the whispers of parental love, tenderness and affection, would be more grateful and soothing than the gentle fannings of the south wind, or the spicy breeze. To us more pleasing would be the sight of our parental mansion, though hung with icicles, and surrounded with the desolate emblems of winter, than the beauty and verdure attached to distant land.

"E'en the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind us to our native mountain more."

DEATH.

What a difference throughout the whole of this various and teeming earth a single DEATH can effect! Sky, sun, air, the eloquent waters, the inspiring mountain-tops, the murmuring and glossy wood, the very

Glory in the grass, and splendor in the flower,

do those hold over us an eternal spell? Are they as a part and property of an unvarying course of nature? Have they aught which is unfailing, steady—*same* in its effect? Alas! their attraction is the creature of an accident. One gap, invisible to all but ourself in the crowd and turmoil of the world, and every thing is changed. In a single hour, the whole process of thought, the whole ebb and flow of emotion, may be revulsed for the rest of an existence. Nothing can ever seem to us as it did: it is a blow upon the fine mechanism by which we think, and move, and have our being—the pendulum vibrates aright no more—the dial hath no account with time—the process goes on, but it knows no symmetry or order; it was a single stroke that marred it, but the harmony is gone forever!

And yet I often think that that shock which jarred on the mental, renders yet softer the moral nature. A death that is connected with love unites us by a thousand remembrances to all who have mourned: it builds a bridge between the young and the old; it gives them in common the most touching of human sympathies; it steals from nature its glory and its exhilaration—not its tenderness. And what, perhaps, is better than all, to mourn deeply for the death of another, loosens from ourself the petty desire for, and the animal adherence to, life. We have gained the end of the philosopher, and view, without shrinking, the coffin and the pall.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE EARLY GRAVE.

There is a fresh and touching plea in favor of immortality derived from the early grave. Childhood and innocence have as often descended to the tomb as age and crime. The tender plant springs up and receives its first nutrition not without infinite care, and pain, and solicitude. The powers of the body begin to develope, and the mind, that deathless principle which hides itself within a tabernacle of clay from the sight of mankind, plumes its wings and gathers its energies for a noble flight of observation through the stupendous universe of God's works--through material works of wonder, and through no less wonderful realms of mental and moral operation—and, just on the outset of enterprize, for which every soul thirsts as for cool waters amidst burning sands, an early grave opens beneath the uplifted foot, and the aspirant becomes a prisoner in the dust he would have spurned in his eagle elevation.

What but an immortality can atone for this apparent waste of being? What but an eternity can replace these broken flowers of love and opening confidence. The aged die after a course of energetic and sometimes successful action.—They have indented the plain over which the race of life has been run so that succeeding generations see their track and learn, to some extent, the reasons why and wherefore these aged men once lived and moved; but no such reasons can be derived from a premature death. The argument, then, runs like this:—Here lies what once was a blooming youth—the budding flower of existence. The frost of death came and a change passed over the ruddy cheek and sparkling eye. The mysterious union of the invisible fabric with clay was sundered, and dust returned to dust and the spirit to God who gave it. Seek ye to know further? The great day of restitution will show you that mind cannot slumber—cannot retrogade.

You will see in that day death can no more quench the being, than the idle vapor can put out the sun in the firmanent.

Prospectus for the Second Volume of the

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,

Devoted to the Doctrine of Universal Benevolence, the defence of Liberal Principles, generally, in Religion, and miscellaneous reading, of chaste and moral tendency.

The first Volume of the Messenger, closed on the 27th ult. The Second commences with this number, Nov. 3d.

In presenting proposals for the 2d Vol. few observations will be necessary in explanation of its objects, and those few cannot, perhaps, be better expressed than in the language of the prospectus for the first volume. "Its primary design is to 'plead the cause' of a slandered and persecuted denomination of Christians, (the Universalists)—to illustrate and enforce their principles, and defend firmly, though as far as possible, with christian candor, their doctrine from the opprobrium which even professing christians endeavor, too readily, to fasten upon it; and in thus defending its own, it will advocate the civil and religious rights of all. Professing a sentiment which recognizes the Almighty as our common Father, and mankind as brethren indeed, it can know no exclusive privileges. Whatever it may ask for itself, it asks for ALL."

TERMS.—The Messenger is published every Saturday, at 85 1-2 Bowery, on a royal sheet, quarto form, close print, at *Two Dollars* per annum, in advance, or *Two Dollars* and *Fifty Cents* if not paid within six months from time of subscribing. Letters to be addressed, post paid, "P. Price, 85 1-2 Bowery, New-York."

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